

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

APRIL
NO.18

COMICS 10¢

IN THIS ISSUE
SPECIAL
BLACKHAWK
versus
The **THUNDERER**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BOY! OH, BOY! TWO!
TWO TREMENDOUS
NEW FEATURES!... IN THE NEW
HIT COMICS,,

KID ETERNITY

AND IN
THE NEW
CRACK
COMICS



AND HIS
SIDEKICK,
KEEPER



CAPTAIN
TRIUMPH!

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ARMY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND

Section 1.

FOR UNTOLD CENTURIES THEY HAVE DWELT APART IN THE VAST SILENCES OF THE FAREST MOUNTAINS OF TIBET—THE ANCIENT MASTERS OF THE MYSTERIES—AGELESS ONES TO WHOM ALL SECRETS WERE AN OPEN BOOK!! CLICKING THEIR PRAYER WHEELS, CHANTING THEIR ENDLESS "OM MANI PADME HUM!!" THEY VANISHED FROM THE SIGHT OF MAN! BUT HERE AND THERE THEY LEFT BEHIND SYMBOLS OF THEIR VANISHED MIGHT!! IT WAS SUCH A SYMBOL, HOLDING THE FATE OF ASIA, THAT SENT THE FEARLESS **BLACKHAWKS** ALONG THE CRIMSON TRAIL TO A LAND OF NEVER-RETURN!! FOR THERE SLEPT ONE WHOSE VOICE COULD SHATTER THE VERY EARTH ITSELF...**THE THUNDERER!!**



A ROAD - LIFELINE OF FIGHTING CHINA - BATTLE GOAL OF THE YELLOW BUTCHERS OF NIPPON!!



WHILE IN A SECRET BASE, ON A SHEER SLOPE OVERLOOKING A VITAL SECTION OF THIS ROAD, AN EAGLE'S NEST!!



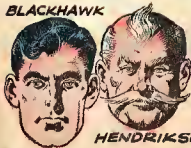
THE BLACKHAWKS - BRAVEST WARRIORS OF THEM ALL!!

WELL, HERE'S TO THE ROAD!! THE DAINTIEST MORSEL THAT EVER BAITED OUR TRAPS!

OUI!! WHEN ZE JAP FIGHT FOR EET, WE BLAST HEEM FROM ZE SKY! AND WEN HE CAPTURE EET, WE BLAST HEEM FROM ZE ROAD!



BLACKHAWK



HENDRIKSON

ANDRÉ



STANISLAUS



OLAF



CHUCK

CHOP CHOP



IT BAN QVIET DAY, PY YIMINY! I VISH DOSE CHAPS WOULD COME LOOKING FOR OUR SECRET BASE AGAIN, YUST FOR FUN!!

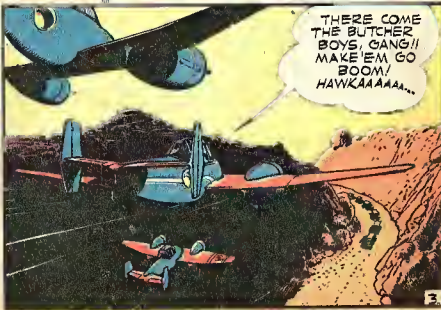
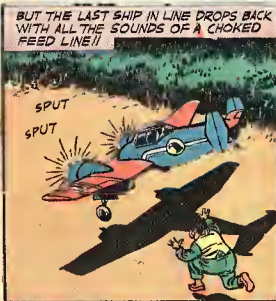
YOU MAY GET YOUR WISH...SHH! SOMEONE'S COMING ON FOOT!

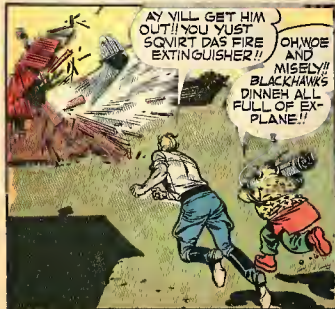
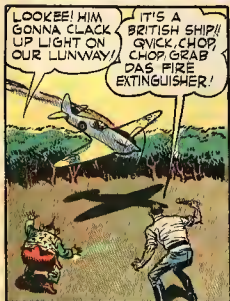
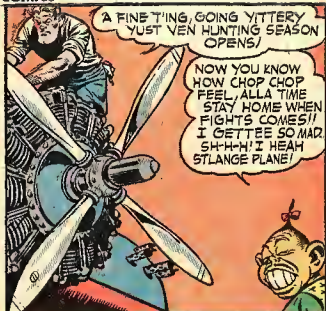


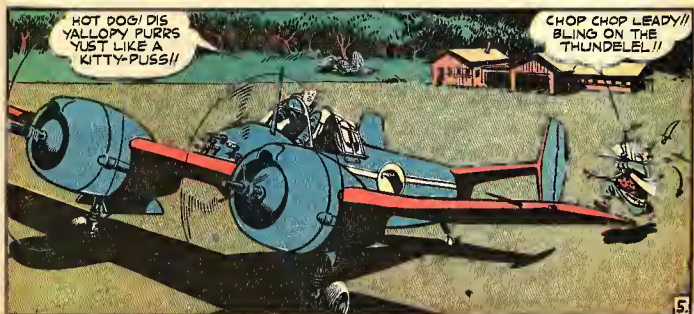
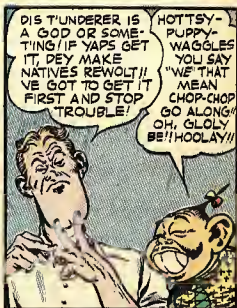
HALT AND... WAIT! IT'S CHEN YU, ONE OF THE COOLIES WHO SCOUTS FOR US!

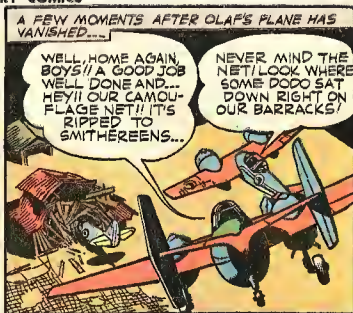
HIM NO SPEAK ENGLISH!! ME - INTE'PLET MES-SAGE FOR YOU!

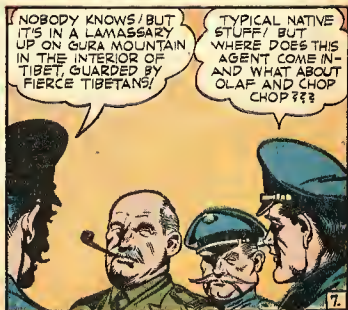
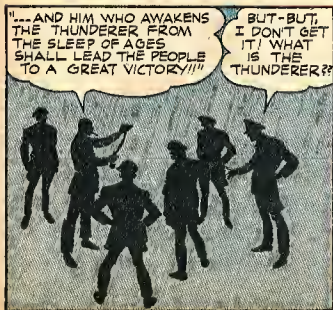


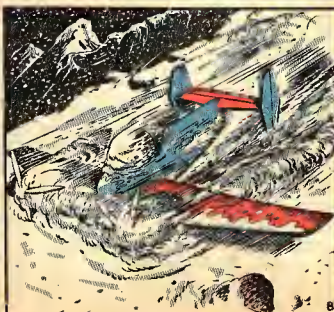
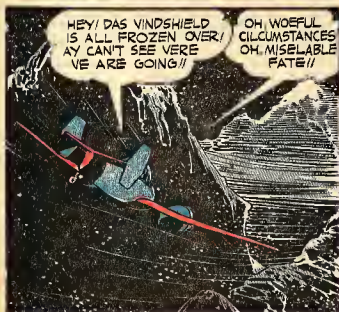
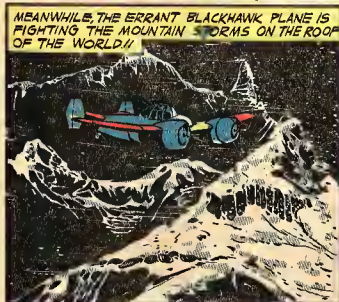
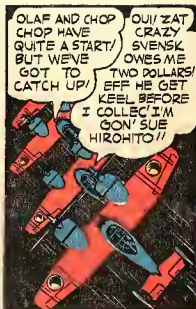
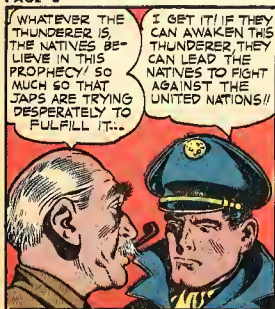


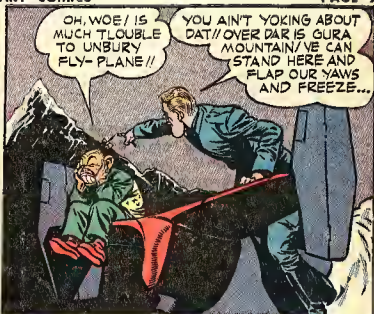




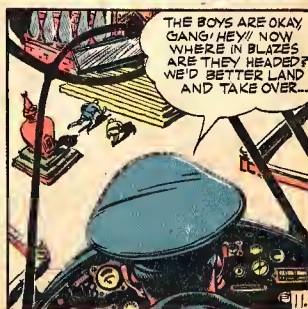
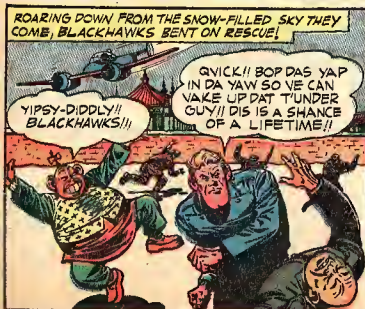


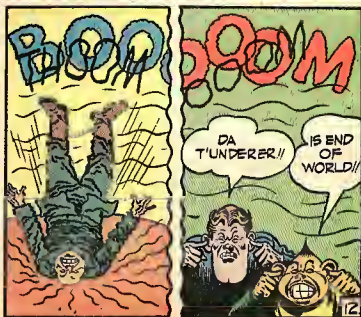
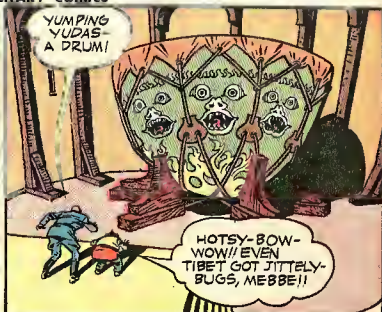


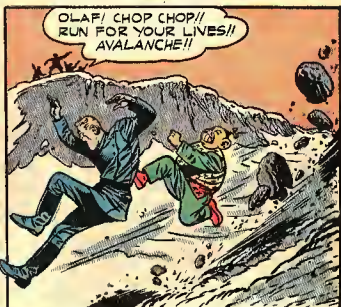
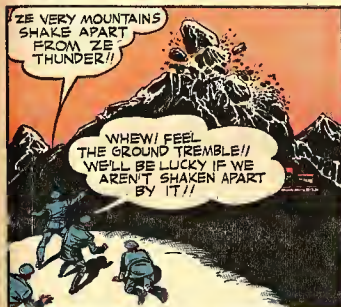




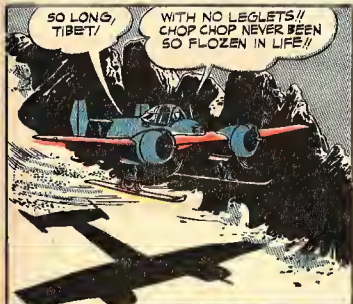
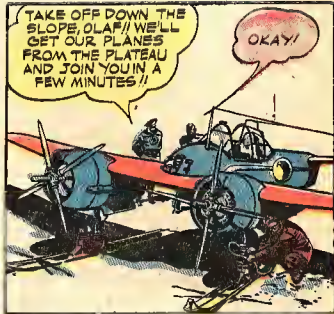












JOHNNY DOUGHBOY

THE NATIVES DON'T SEEM TO TRUST US, SO I WANT TO TALK WITH THEM! ROUND ME UP SOME STRAGGLERS!

O.K. SARGE.

STRAGGLERS IT IS!

SAY ALA BABA... MY SERGEANT WANTUM MAKE HEAP BIG POW-WOW WITH YOU!

GET GOIN'!...HE DON'T LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITIN' BY NO CAMEL-JOCKEY!

TWEET TWEET

STRAGGLERS, SARGE!



EXTRA!

PRIVATE

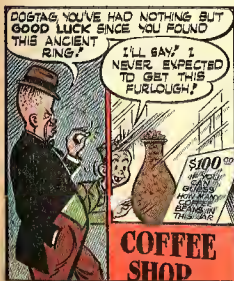
EXTRA!

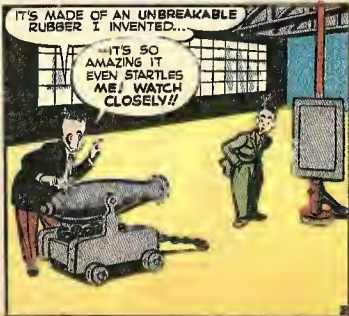
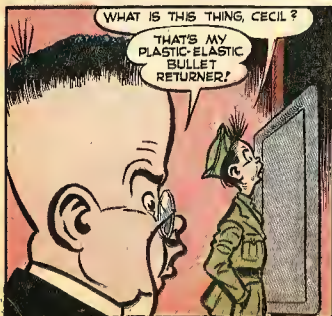
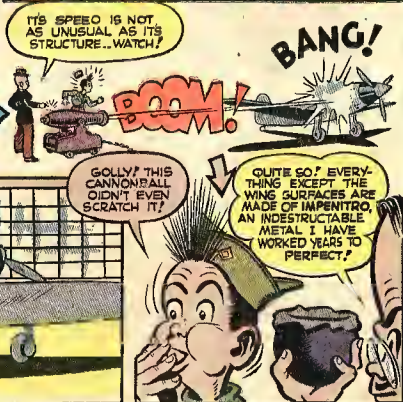
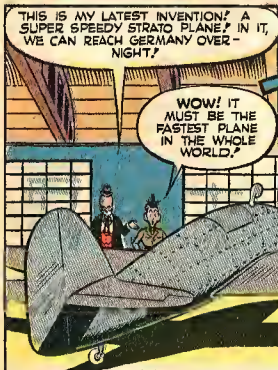
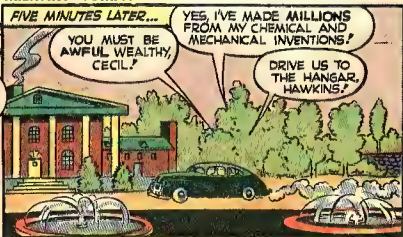
DOGTAG

WORLD'S DUMBEST SOLDIER
FLIES TO GERMANY AFTER
WORLD'S MOST HATED
HEEL!

DUMBELL

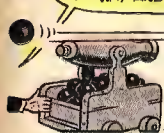
THOUGH HE MAY BE DOGTAG
HAS BEEN A FOOL FOR
LUCK SINCE HE FOUND
AN OLD SPANISH GOOD
LUCK RING? WOULD IT BE
STRETCHING THIS LUCK TOO
FAR IF HE WERE FLOWN
TO GERMANY TO CAPTURE
HITLER? THIS RUN
THE THOUGHTS OF CECIL,
THE SUPER GENIUS!

by BART
TUMELY

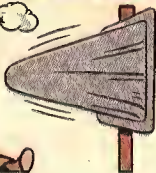




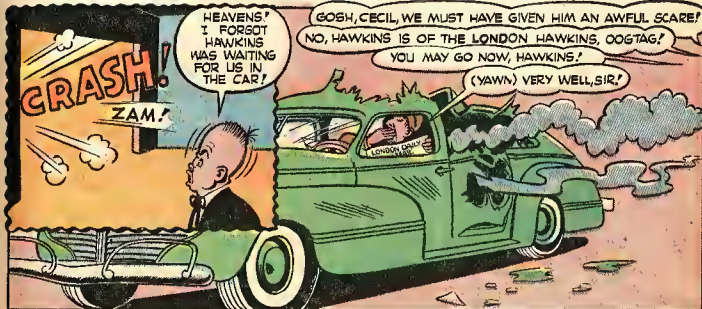
I MERELY PUSH THE
CANNON OUT OF THE
WAY AND...



ZIP!



SWISH!



HEAVENS!
I FORGOT
HAWKINS
WAS WAITING
FOR US IN
THE CAR!

GOSH, CECIL, WE MUST HAVE GIVEN HIM AN AWFUL SCARE!
NO, HAWKINS IS OF THE LONDON HAWKINS, OOGTAG!

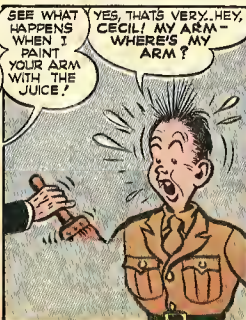
YOU MAY GO NOW, HAWKINS!

(YAWN) VERY WELL, SIR!



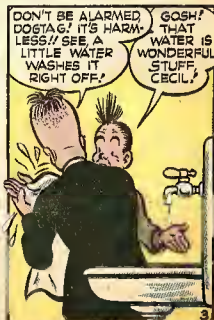
YOUR
INVENTIONS
ARE
WONDERFUL,
CECIL!

AHA, BUT MY
GREATEST DISCO-
VERY IS THIS
INVISIO JUICE
MADE FROM THE
RARE INVISIO BERRY
THEY CAN'T BE SEEN
...YOU HAVE TO
FEEL FOR THEM!



SEE WHAT
HAPPENS
WHEN I
PAINT
YOUR ARM
WITH THE
JUICE!

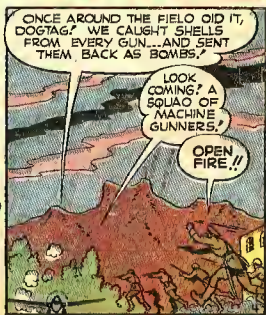
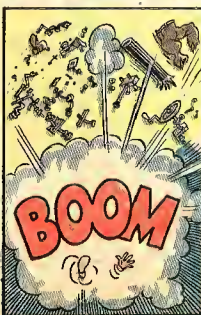
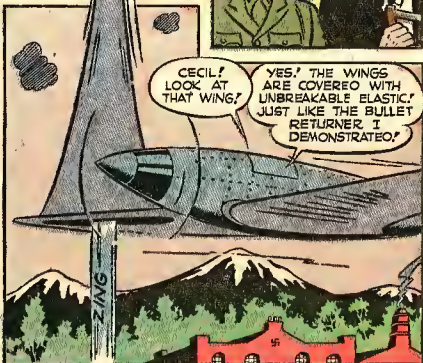
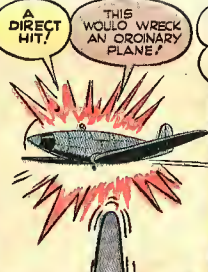
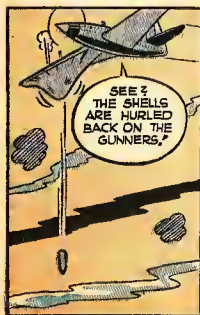
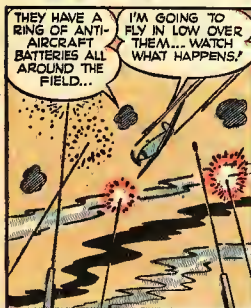
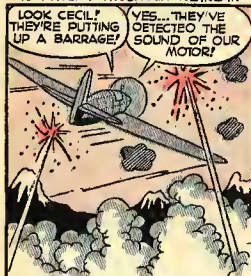
YES, THAT'S VERY...HEY,
CECIL! MY ARM-
WHERE'S MY
ARM?

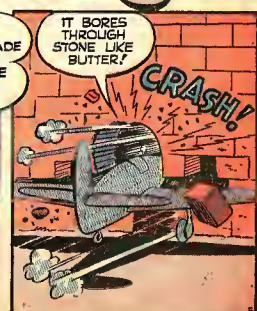
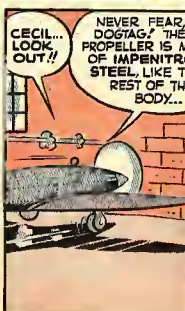
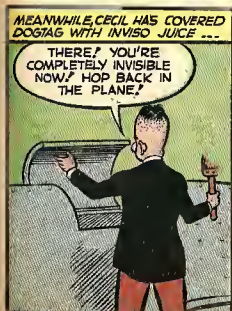
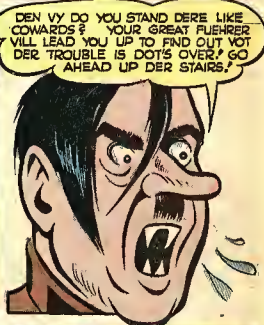
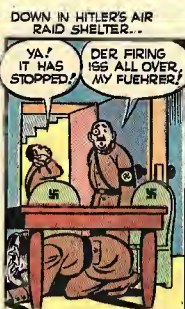


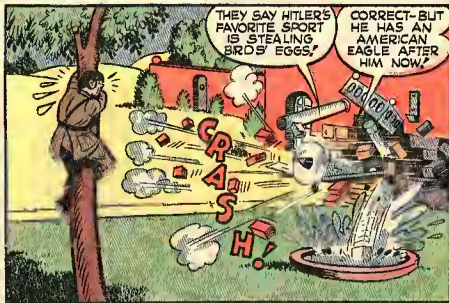
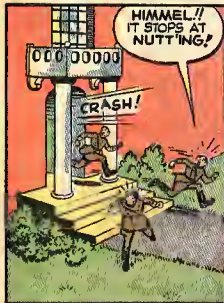
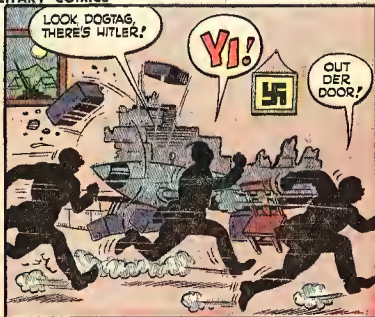
DON'T BE ALARMED
DOGTAG! IT'S HARM-
LESS!! SEE, A
LITTLE WATER
WASHES IT
RIGHT OFF!

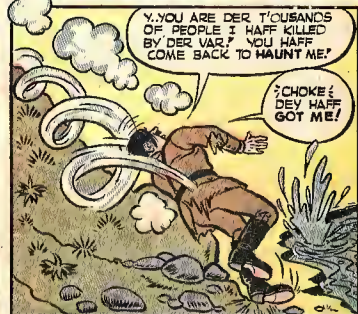
GOSH!
THAT
WATER IS
WONDERFUL
STUFF, CECIL!

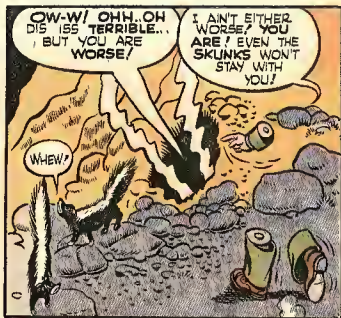
A FEW HOURS LATER, CECIL AND PRIVATE OOGTAG ARE ON THEIR WAY TO HITLER'S MOUNTAIN RETREAT.



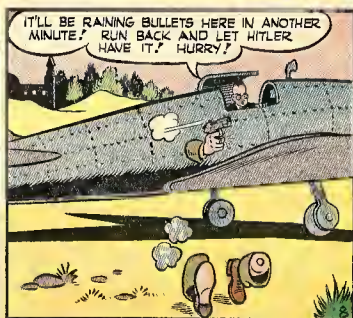
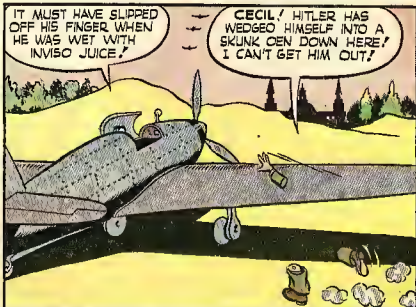
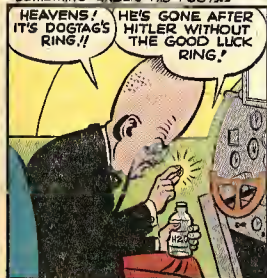


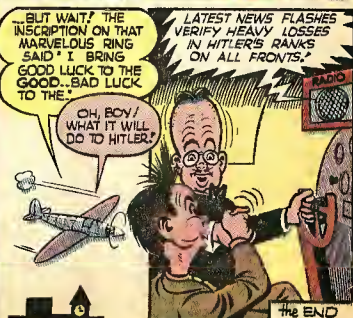
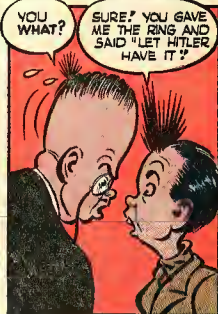
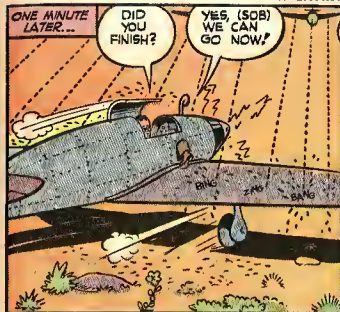






MEANWHILE, IN THE PLANE, CECIL FELT SOMETHING UNDER HIS FOOT...





the END

THE SNIPER

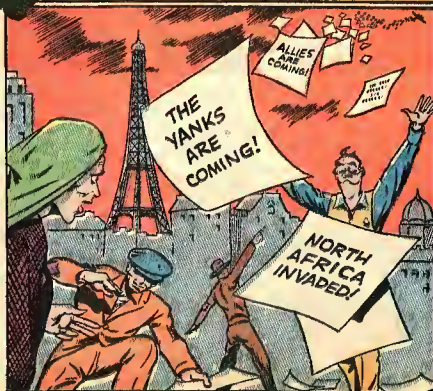
by VERNON
HENKELL

And the
GHOST
of the
MAGINOT
LINE!



BUT NOW ACROSS "CONQUERED" FRANCE SWEEPS
A NEW HOPE TO FAN THE STILL BURNING
FLAME INTO AN INFERNO OF REVOLT!!!

THE MAGINOT
LINE--THAT GREAT
AND FOOLHARDY
DREAM OF A
FORGOTTEN WAR--
MINISTER LIES
SPRAWLING ALONG
THE GERMAN
BORDER FROM
SWITZERLAND TO
FLANDERS...THE ONE
FIXED BOUNDARY
IN EUROPE LONG
ERASED BY THE
OUTFLANKING NAZI
HORDES ... HER
GUNS SILENT ... HER
CORRIDORS EMPTY...





FROM OUT OF THE SEWERS AND GUTTERS
ALL OVER PARIS SPRINGS A MOTLEY ARMY
OF APACHES, THIEVES AND HALF-STARVED
PATRIOTS WHOSE ONLY CRY IS...



IN HIS SECRET HIDE-OUT ATOP THE
LOFTY EIFFEL TOWER, THE SNIPER VIEWS
THIS SCENE WITH FEARS OF OPTIMISM...

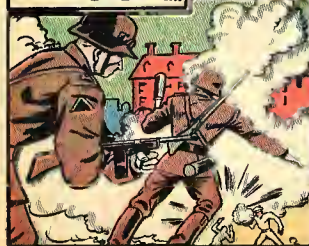




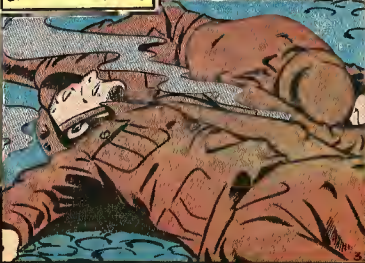
NAZI HEADQUARTERS.

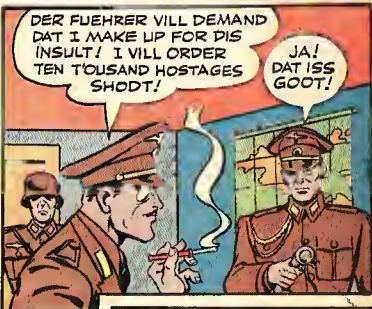
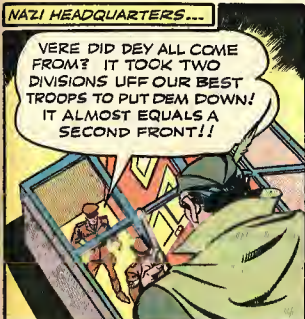


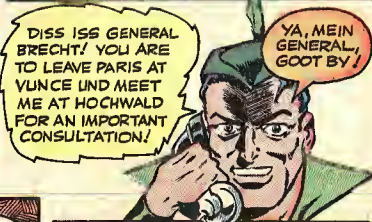
SOMEHOW, FROM SOMEWHERE, THE NAZIS MANAGE TO BRING ENOUGH MEN INTO THE RAGING CITY TO PUT DOWN THE REVOLT...



BUT NOT UNTIL AFTER A VICIOUS STRUGGLE WHICH LASTS THE NIGHT AND LEAVES THOUSANDS OF NAZI DEAD!!

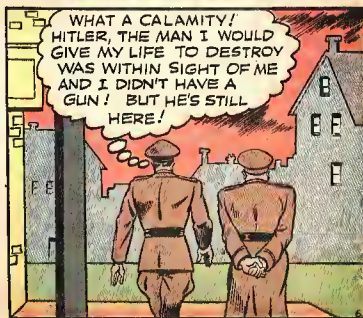




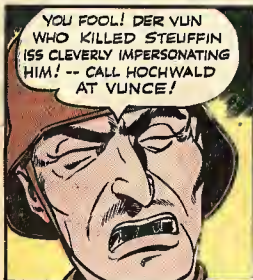




THE SNIPER IS STARTLED BACK TO HIS SENSES BY A GRUFF VOICE...



MEANWHILE... FLASHBACK TO PARIS...



EVEN AS THE SNIPER SITS DOWN AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE, TELEPHONE LINES ARE RINGING WITH THE NEWS...



THE CONFERENCE IS THROWN INTO AN UPROAR...





NO SOONER IS THE SNIPER IN THE GREAT FORT WHEN AN EAR-PIERCING SCREAM ECHOES FROM ITS MAZE OF CORRIDORS!



THE SNIPER MAKES A GRUESOME DISCOVERY...



HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

MANIACAL LAUGHTER! HITLER ISN'T THE ONLY NUT IN THIS PLACE!



SUDDENLY THE FIGURE OF A FRENCH SOLDIER COMES INTO VIEW...





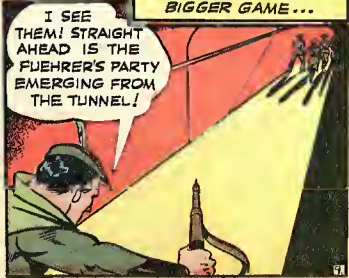
BUT THE DERANGED SOLDIER SUDDENLY COMES UPON THE FUEHRER'S PARTY...



GHOST..BAH! I SAW HIM DROP UND ONLY REAL MEN DROP FROM BULLETS!

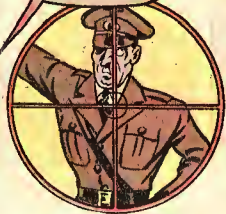


MEANWHILE THE SNIPER IS ON THE TRAIL OF FAR BIGGER GAME...



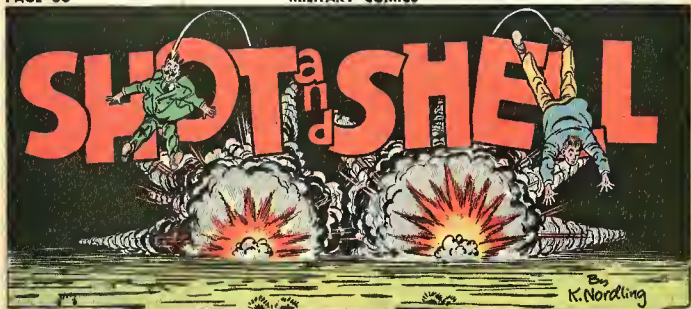


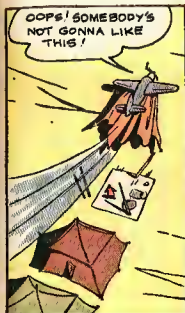
WHILE DOWN IN THE FORT'S POWER-CONTROL STATION...

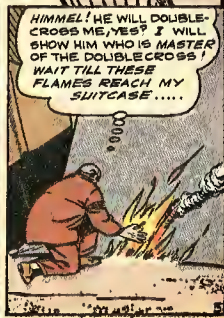
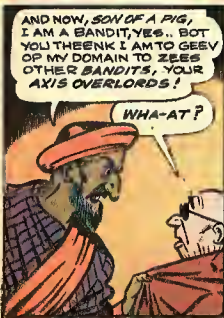
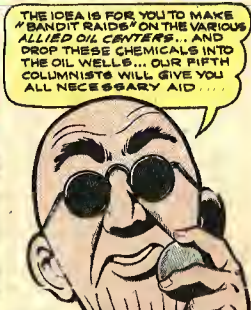
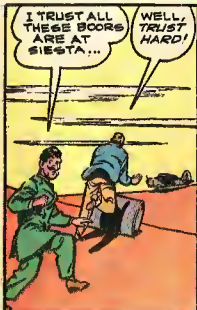
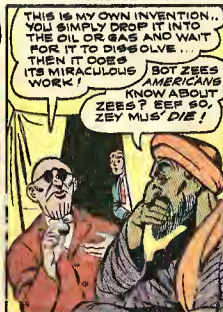


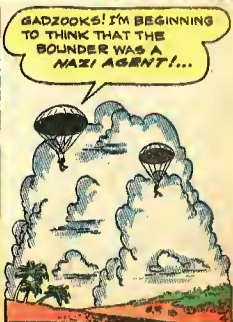
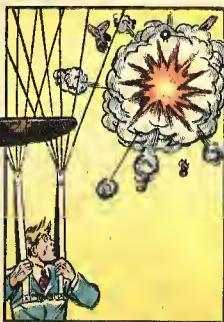
THE GHOST! HE DID BLOW UP THE FORTRESS! BUT--ALTHOUGH HE DID DESTROY THE MAGINOT LINE SO THE NAZIS CAN'T USE IT, HE SPOILED THE MOST PERFECT SHOT IN THE WORLD!











The ATLANTIC PATROL

AFTER OPERATING SECRETLY IN THE ATLANTIC FROM AMERICAN-HELD CASABLANCA ON THE NORTHWEST AFRICAN COAST, A YANK PT BOAT IS RETURNING TO PORT.....



NOW WE CAN RELAX!-- THAT GERMAN DESTROYER WE GOT WAS A TOUGH BABY TO SINK!

TOOK ALL OUR FISH EXCEPT ONE!-- WE'LL HAVE TO RETURN TO THE BASE FOR MORE TORPEDOES!

ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE TORPEDO BOAT IS A NAZI SUBMARINE.....

IMMEDIATELY THE GERMANS START PUMPING SHELLS AT THE FAST LITTLE SHIP!...

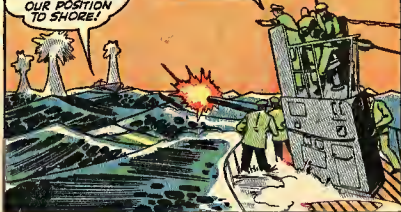
LUCKY WE GOT OUR DESTROYER'S "S.O.S." KEEP A SHARP LOOK-OUT FOR THAT AMERIKANDER PT BOAT!

JAI! WE ARE CROSSING HER PROBABLE COURSE.... MAYBE WE CAN PASTE THEM WITH OUR DECK-GUN!

ACH!...I SEE IT!...JUST A DOT ON THE HORIZON!

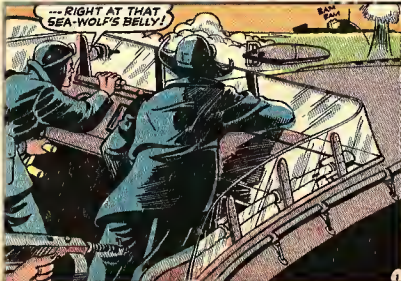
SUBMARINE DEAD AHEAD!-- PREPARE TO FIRE REMAINING TORPEDO! RADIO OUR POSITION TO SHORE!

HIT IT! HIT IT! EVEN A NEAR MISS WILL WRECK THAT WATER-BUG!

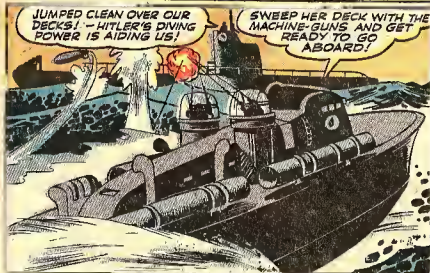


BUT THE ONCOMING "WATER-BUG" FIRES ITS TORPEDO!...

--- RIGHT AT THAT SEA-WOLF'S BELLY!



THE LOW-LYING HULL OF THE U-BOAT AND THE ROUGH SEA COMBINE TO CAUSE A FREAKISH TORPEDO MISS!



THE GUN CREW IS MOVED DOWN BY THE PT'S DEADLY FIRE POWER!



THE DEAD GERMAN'S BODY WEDGES IN THE CONNING-TOWER HATCH!



AND SO ENDS A NAVAL BATTLE UNIQUE IN MARITIME WARFARE AS THE AMERICAN PT BOAT ESCORTS HER CAPTIVE U-BOAT TO PORT!





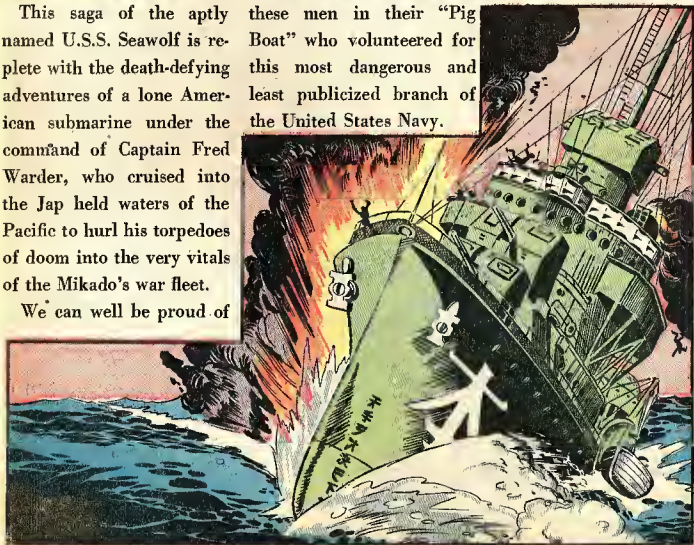
This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureaus

U.S. SUB SINKS 7 JAP WARSHIPS

This saga of the aptly named U.S.S. Seawolf is replete with the death-defying adventures of a lone American submarine under the command of Captain Fred Warder, who cruised into the Jap held waters of the Pacific to hurl his torpedoes of doom into the very vitals of the Mikado's war fleet.

We can well be proud of

these men in their "Pig Boat" who volunteered for this most dangerous and least publicized branch of the United States Navy.



IN A SECRET BASE ON THE WEST COAST, THE U.S.S. "SEAWOLF" TAKES ON HER LOAD OF "FISH"...

GOT ANY IDEA WHERE WERE GOIN', THIS TRIP, MATEY?

WE'RE SAILING, UNDER SECRET ORDERS THIS TRIP! - I DON'T KNOW WHERE, BUT I DO KNOW WE'RE GOING TO GET PLENTY OF ACTION!

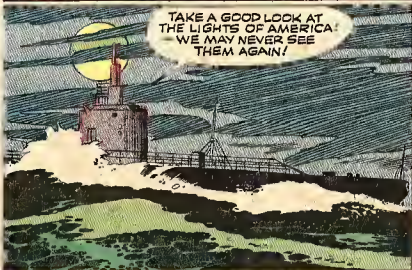


CAREFUL WITH THESE BABIES! - WE'RE GONNA NEED 'EM!



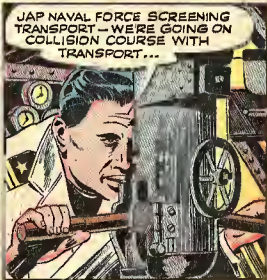
A FEW NIGHTS LATER, THE "SEAWOLF" SLIPS UNSEEN INTO THE PACIFIC OCEAN...

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THE LIGHTS OF AMERICA! - WE MAY NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN!

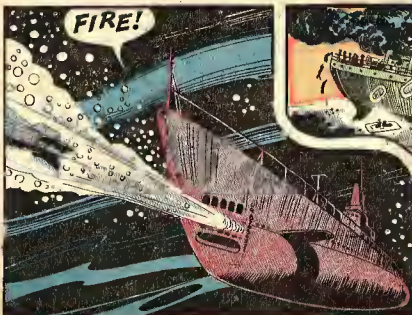


WEEKS LATER... OFF THE COAST OF BALI..

JAP NAVAL FORCE SCREENING TRANSPORT - WE'RE GOING ON COLLISION COURSE WITH TRANSPORT...



FIRE!



THERE'S THE END OF THAT JAP-INFESTED HULK!



WARDER ALSO SINKS A DESTROYER TRYING TO PROTECT THE TRANSPORT... ALSO AN UNIDENTIFIED THIRD VESSEL!

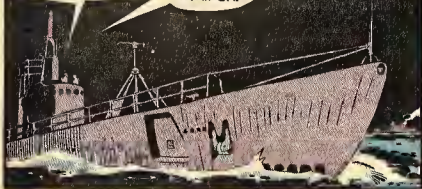


THE RANGING AMERICAN SUB NEXT APPEARS IN THE INDIAN OCEAN OFF THE COAST OF TILATJAP, JAVA...

UNKNOWINGLY, THE "SEAWOLF" HAS BEEN SPOTTED BY TWO JAPANESE SHIPS CREEPING IN FROM THE DARKER WEST!

IN THE DARKNESS WE CAN CHARGE OUR BATTERIES AND GET READY FOR---

CAPTAIN! LOOK! — I SEE A SHIP ON THE EAST HORIZON!

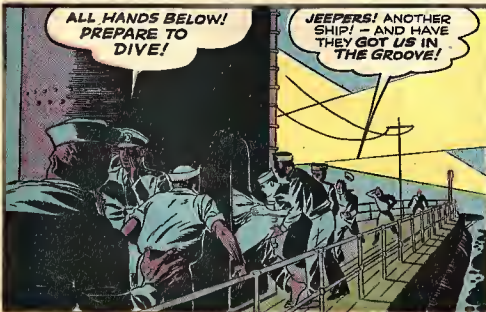


TURN ON LIGHT!



ALL HANDS BELOW! PREPARE TO DIVE!

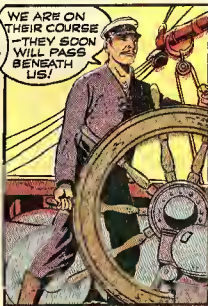
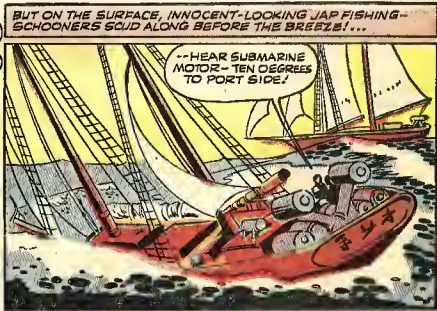
JEEPERS! ANOTHER SHIP! — AND HAVE THEY GOT US IN THE GROOVE!



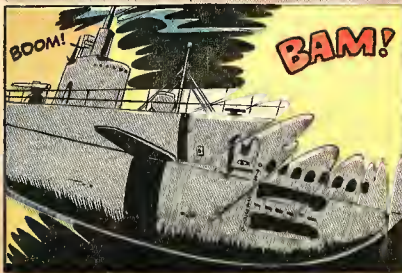
PHEW! WAS THAT CLOSE! — BUT WE GOT AWAY!

BAM!

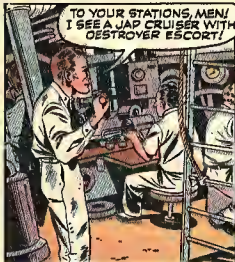




CAUGHT COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, THE AMERICAN SUB REELS FROM THE UNDERWATER EXPLOSIONS!



AFTER THEIR NARROW ESCAPE, THE YANKS CONTINUE TO THE CHRISTMAS ISLANDS SOUTH OF JAVA ...



TO YOUR STATIONS, MEN!
I SEE A JAP CRUISER WITH
DESTROYER ESCORT!

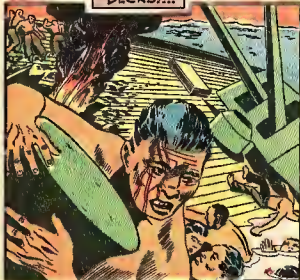
THE BREEZE
STIRRING THE
WATER GIVES
US GOOD
PERISCOPE
PROTECTION
FROM THE
DESTROYERS!



A HIT!
WE GOT THE
CRUISER!



THE JAPANESE RUN WILDLY ON THE SLANTING
DECKS!...



... THEN THE BIG SHIP BLOWS UP!

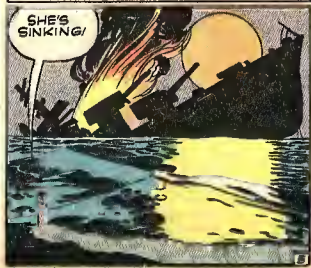


THE AVENGING NIP DESTROYERS LAUNCH A DEPTH-
CHARGE ATTACK WHICH LASTS UNTIL MID-AFTERNOON!...

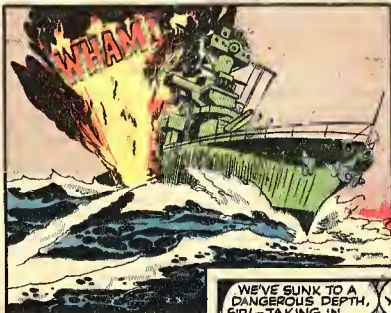
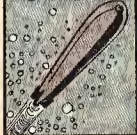


THAT NIGHT, WARDER CATCHES ANOTHER
JAP CRUISER SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE
MOON!... HE LETS HER HAVE IT WITH TWO "FISH"!

SHE'S
SINKING!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON THE "SEAWOLF" FINDS ITSELF IN A RECTANGLE OF JAPANESE WARSHIPS!... WARDER FIRES HIS LAST TORPEDO AT STILL ANOTHER CRUISER!

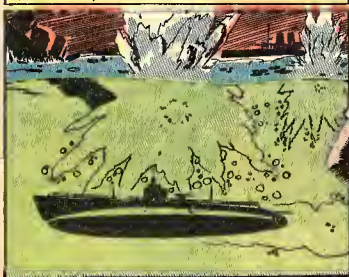


THE "FISH" LUCKILY HITS THE SHIP'S POWDER MAGAZINE AND SHE DISAPPEARS FROM THE FACE OF THE OCEAN!

SHE BLEW UP!—AND HOW!

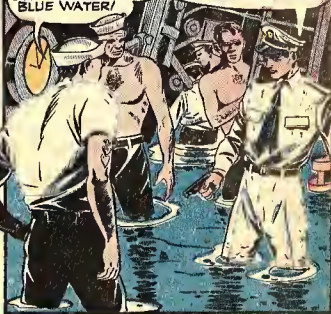


IN SECONDS THE DEPTH CHARGES START EXPLODING, AND CONTINUE FOR HOURS! ...



WE'VE SUNK TO A DANGEROUS DEPTH, SIR!—TAKING IN BLUE WATER!

DON'T LET IT GET YOU! —I'LL SHOOT ANY MAN WHO BREAKS!



CHEER UP GUYS! AN UNDERSEA CURRENT IS SWEEPING US AWAY FROM THOSE BOMBS!

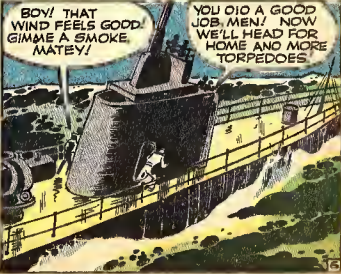
LET'S GET TO WORK AND FIX THOSE LEAKS!



LATE THAT NIGHT WARDER BRINGS THE "SEAWOLF" TO THE SURFACE AND TAKES HIS MEN ON DECK...

BOY! THAT WIND FEELS GOOD! GIMME A SMOKE, MATEY!

YOU DID A GOOD JOB, MEN! NOW WE'LL HEAD FOR HOME AND MORE TORPEDOES.



THE GIANT OF THE AIR

THIS couldn't be happening to Blackhawk!

His mind refused to accept fate, even as it struck him. He'd flown and fought so often, always the victor—he'd swept the skies clean of enemies over France, Germany, Africa, Japan! But this time the enemy had triumphed. There had been too many Nazi planes, and only one Blackhawk. Even at that, he might have fought his way clear and flown home again, except for that leaky fuel-feed . . . sabotage. . . .

He bailed out of the bullet-ripped plane, and his parachute opened like a flower. The Nazi squadron soared onward, one wicked craft dropping out of formation and winging around. That was the executioner, told to finish him off before he struck earth . . . Blackhawk dragged on the rigging of his chute to the left, making himself sideslip through the air, even as the enemy ship dived down and swooped up, its machine gun making a soup strainer of his chute fabric. Blackhawk's big free hand whipped out an automatic pistol. For a moment he glided close to the open cockpit—a single-seater job, with one Nazi inside, who

thought him helpless. Blackhawk fired one shot, and one was enough. The pilot's face spouted blood and dropped on the instrument board. The plane went into a dive. Blackhawk dropped earthward alone.

Trees below him, with a single open space among them. Hands on the rigging, Blackhawk made his chute shift in space, dropping him toward the clearing. He came down with a shock, half-broken by his bent legs, and wriggled out of the harness. Safe for the moment—but in enemy territory, surrounded by millions who were sworn to kill him. What to do now?

Then he heard the sound of voices among the trees.

Swift and knowing as a fox, Blackhawk's big blue-uniformed body glided into the thickets that fringed the clearing. He knelt behind a big tree, his pistol ready in one hard brown hand. Cautiously he peered out. Barely had he reached hiding before the speakers came into view.

Nazis of course—but what Nazis!

There were three of them, booted, brown-shirted, with swastika blazonry on their

arms. Their faces were fierce, coarse, heavy. And the shortest of them was eight feet tall!

"I knew that Hitler commanded freaks," muttered Blackhawk, "but what circus are these giants headed for?"

He listened. The biggest and most brutish of the three was speaking:

"All ready? Then bring forth the ship!"

His two companions moved in opposite directions. Each took hold of a stubby stump and pulled hard. At once the stretch of trees between them quivered, shuddered—and moved! It slid away like a theater curtain.

Blackhawk, staring, found himself gazing at an open hangar. The clearing into which he had dropped was in reality a masked airport, and the trees hid what must be a prize craft. The three big Nazis were in the hangar. He heard an engine purring. Out into the open rolled their craft.

"A bomber—no, a fighter—what is it?"

For the ship was as big as a bomber, but its lines were fighter lines. Blackhawk, completely baffled, stared and scowled. The Germans had always been wonderful technical

workers. You had to give them that. This craft at which he was looking must be a new triumph of aviation engineering—big and invulnerable as a bomber, but swift and deadly as a fighter. And such a giant machine would need giants to fly it. . . .

"Our first flight!" one of the three was exulting. "It will take only a few flights in all, to convince the enemy that it is useless to oppose us!"

"If we had made others—" began one of his comrades, but the third Nazi gestured him silent with a hand as big as a pitchfork.

"The Fuehrer wants this ship proven a success first. We know how easily that can be done. Then a fleet of them—and ourselves given honors as great as our bodies! All right, in with you!"

Two of the giants entered the mammoth fighter, one taking the pilot's seat, the other in the observer's place. The third turned back toward the hangar. The engine quickened to a mighty roar—loud enough for Blackhawk's purpose.

He lifted his pistol. A single shot, deadened by the voice of the motor. The Nazi at the hangar door collapsed like a huge grotesque scarecrow, unnoticed by his comrades. Then, even as the ship trundled away

on its take-off, Blackhawk darted after it, behind it, caught the tail and swung himself aboard.

* * *

"HAWK—AAAAAA!"

The warcry of the Blackhawks rang wildly through the air as they took the air. Olaf, on a lone scout, had yammered a radio warning—a fighter plane bigger than their wildest imaginings, heading straight for Blackhawk territory! One ordinary ship could never oppose such a monster—a dozen might not be enough—

"If only Blackhawk were here to lead us!" groaned Andre. "I'm not worthy to take his place, but—skip it! There's the enemy, ahead! Action!"

But that last order was unnecessary.

The mighty Nazi fighter suddenly leaped and winged over. Fire spouted from a dozen places. Two huge, ungainly figures in enemy uniform fell from the cockpits and plummeted earthward. The plane followed, and as it went into its screaming dive of destruction a white umbrella opened in the air where it had been.

"Don't shoot!" Andre cried into his microphone. "Don't shoot that man with the parachute! See his blue uniform? It's—BLACKHAWK!"

There was celebration in the mess hall. Chop-Chop outdid himself in the department of food and drink. Olaf made up two new verses of the Blackhawk song, and Andre three. And, at the end, Blackhawk told the story of his escape from Nazidom.

"It wasn't just any Nazi plane I was using to get me back home," he laughed. "It was an experimental ship that must be destroyed. At the same time, it was too big even for me—those giants were needed to get me back into my own territory. And, finally, I had to act quick, or they might have harmed the rest of you fellows!"

"How did you pull it off?" demanded Henderson.

"Easy! I crept along the fuselage and fired a shot into the gas tank. It blazed up. That was the finish. All I had to do was bail out."

"Bail out!" repeated Chop-Chop, refilling Blackhawk's glass. "But—Mista Blackhawk—you alleady usee palachlute to come down flirst time—"

Blackhawk laughed and let his eyes wander round the circle of mystified faces.

"This only proves how good is my advice to every fighting pilot!" he said. "When you're going into danger, always wear TWO parachutes!"

SAILOR DANNY

BY
ART
GATES

WHEN THE NAVY ASSIGNED SAILOR DANNY TO THE GUN CREW OF A TRAMP STEAMER, HE WAS DELIGHTED... UNTIL HE FOUND HIS OLD RIVAL AND ANTAGONIST, DAVEY JONES, WAS TRANSFERRED WITH HIM!... AS OUR STORY BEGINS, THEY ARE DOCKED IN A SMALL WEST-COAST PORT AND ARE ABOUT TO GO ASHORE WHEN -----

HOLD UP, YOU TWO! ONE OF YOU TWO HAS TO STAY ABOARD AND PEEL POTATOES!

HUMPH!... I'LL TOSS YOU FOR IT, DANNY!

OK!! OK!! GO AHEAD!

I HAVE A COIN! I'LL CALL IT HEADS!

HEADS IT IS, CUSS IT! -AND I WAS GOING OVER TO SEE LUCY BELLE!

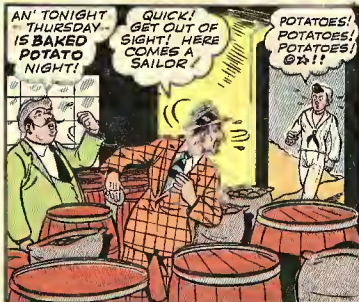
LUCY BELLE, EH? SAY! - YOU GIVE ME HER ADDRESS AN' I'LL GIVE YOU A DOLLAR! HOW ABOUT IT, PAL?

HUH? WHY, SURE! IT'S TEN BEACH ROAD... YOU CAN'T MISS IT!

OH--YOU SAP-- HE'S BEEN TRYING TO MATCH WITH SOMEBODY ALL DAY! - THAT COIN OF HIS HAS TWO HEADS!

OK!!! WELL, I'M STILL ONE UP ON HIM!

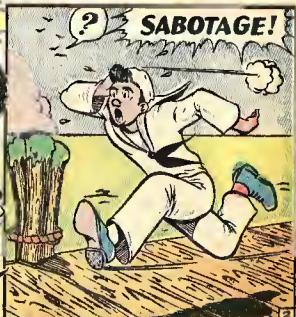
LUCY BELLE IS A MOVIE!

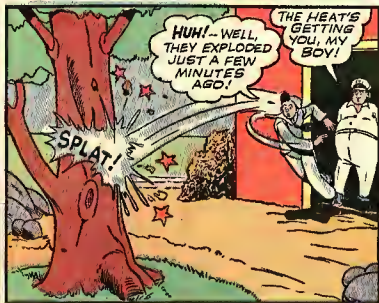
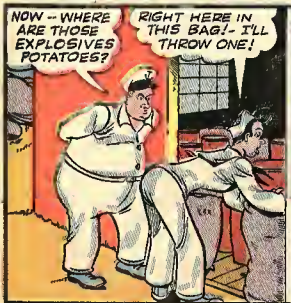
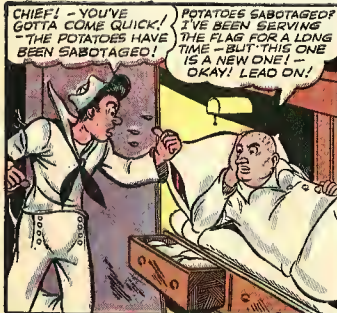


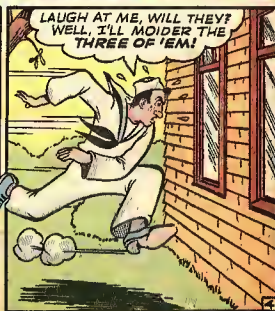
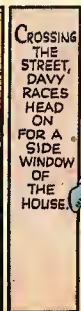
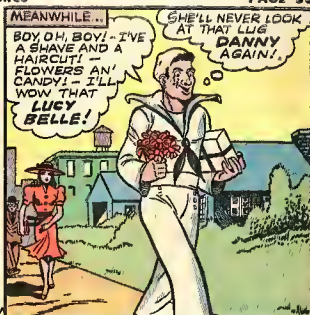
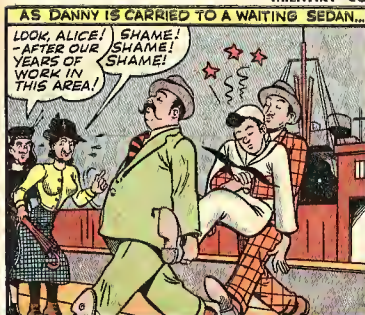
AS THE SPUD HITS THE GROUND...

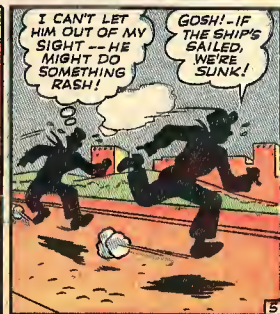
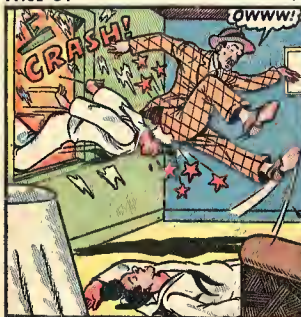


GOOD GRIEF!









A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS A ROOKIE COP ANSWERS THE CALL TO DUTY...



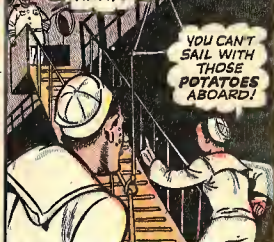
GOOD GRIEF! THEY'RE THE TWO SPIES THE WHOLE COUNTRY'S LOOKIN' FOR!

-I'M A HERO! - NO ONE MUST EVER FIND OUT HOW I CAPTURED 'EM!



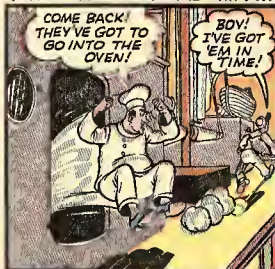
BACK TO THE SHIP - JUST IN TIME...

HURRY UP YOU TWO! - WE'RE SAILING RIGHT AWAY!



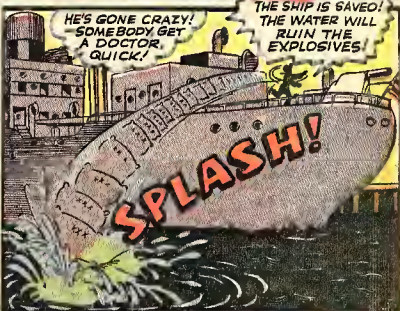
YOU CAN'T SAIL WITH THOSE POTATOES ABOARD!

RACING TO THE GALLEY, DANNY GRABS THE SACK OF POTATOES - THEN HEADS FOR THE AFT END OF THE SHIP!...



COME BACK! THEY'VE GOT TO GO INTO THE OVEN!

BOY! I'VE GOT 'EM IN TIME!



HE'S GONE CRAZY! SOMEBODY GET A DOCTOR, QUICK!

THE SHIP IS SAVED! THE WATER WILL RUIN THE EXPLOSIVES!

SPLASH!

LATER... HE'S PERFECTLY NORMAL HOW IS HE, DOCTOR? WILL HE HAVE TO GO TO AN INSTITUTION!



-EXCEPT FOR THAT POTATO MANIA!- I THINK IT MUST BE A NEW DISEASE! I'LL CALL IT SPUOFOBIA!

AND STILL LATER... WELL DANNY, THE DOCTOR HAS SAID YOU MUST PEEL NO MORE POTATOES!



WELL, AT LEAST I'LL GAIN SOMETHING BY MY EXPERIENCE!

... YOU'LL PEEL ONIONS, INSTEAD!



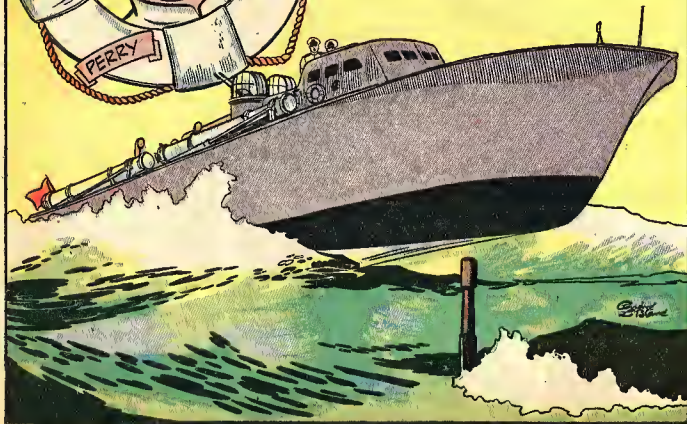
THE END

P T



BOAT

THE TRAIL OF THE MAKO SHARK!
THE GRUESOME CLUE THAT LED
ENSIGNS PAUL HARVEY AND
PERRY TOBIAS INTO THE GREEN
FORBIDDING DEPTHS OF THE
CARIBBEAN SEA TO A CRASHING
CLIMAX OF FAST FURIOUS
ADVENTURE!



A LONE TANKER PLOWS THE BLUE SWELLS OF THE CARIBBEAN...THE AIR HANGS HOT AND HEAVY WITH THE WEIGHT OF IMPENDING DISASTER



THEN SUDDENLY THE TERRIBLE PROMISE IS FULFILLED.



...AND THE SUBMARINE SLINKS AWAY... IS SWALLOWED BY DARKNESS.



AT THE PANAMA BASE OF THE P.T. BOAT SQUADRON.

THOSE SUBS ARE THREE THOUSAND MILES FROM HOME! YET THEY OBTAIN FUEL TO CONTINUE THEIR DEPREDATIONS... THEY ARE BASED RIGHT IN OUR OWN BACK-YARD!



TO SINK AN OCCASIONAL SUB DOES NOT SOLVE OUR PROBLEM, SIR. WE'VE GOT TO FIND AND DESTROY THEIR BASE!

AND WE VOLUNTEER TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY SIR!

DO YOU KNOW JUST WHAT YOU'RE GETTING INTO?



YES, SIR! WE KNOW BEYOND A DOUBT THAT THEY START FROM THIS VICINITY AND BECAUSE OF THE MANY UNCHARTERED WATERS...

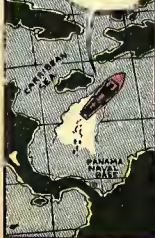


...RIGHT, AN INTREPID P.T. BOAT COULD ACCOMPLISH WHAT A LARGER BOAT NEVER COULD!

GOOD LUCK TO YOU BOTH THEN!



NEXT DAY... WE'RE ALMOST THERE!



BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY EH? SHARKS! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE BABIES!

THOSE SPONGE FISHERMEN AND BETTER STEP LIVELY NOW...



WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S TROUBLE OVER THERE BY THOSE FISHING BOATS! STEP ON IT!



WITH SPEED BORN OF DESPERATION, AN UNLUCKY SWIMMER PRAWS RAPIDLY TOWARD THE BOAT WITH THE TRAGIC FINAL WELL IN SIGHT...



GRABBING A HIGH POWERED RIFLE... PERRY AIMS...

IF YOU KNOW A PRAYER PAUL, SAY IT NOW!

CRACK!
CRACK!



...M'SIEU COUGH... Y-Y-YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE!!



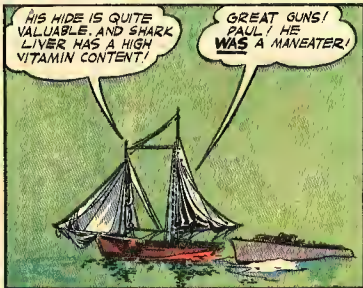
USING BLOCK AND TACKLE THE GRATEFUL, EXCITED FISHERMEN HAUL THE MONSTROUS MAKO SHARK, SCOURGE OF THE SEA, UP AND ABOARD THE FISHING BOAT....



BOY! HE IS HUGE!

WE SHOULD REALLY BE MOVING ALONG, BUT I WANT TO WATCH THEM CUT HIM OPEN!

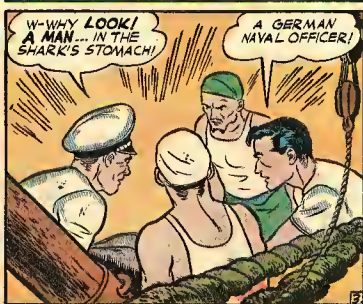
HIS HIDE IS QUITE VALUABLE. AND SHARK LIVER HAS A HIGH VITAMIN CONTENT!



GREAT GUNS! PAUL! HE WAS A MANEATER!

W-WHY LOOK! A MAN... IN THE SHARK'S STOMACH!

A GERMAN NAVAL OFFICER!





HE'S NOT FAR GONE...THAT MAKES IT A VERY RECENT OCCURRENCE!

UGGHH! I HATE TO THINK OF IT EVEN TO A NAZI!

THIS CLINCHES IT THE LUGER PISTOL IS STANDARD EQUIPMENT FOR GERMAN OFFICERS!



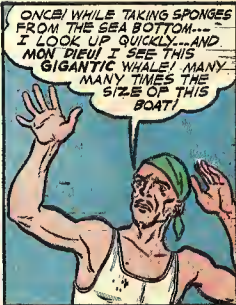
AH YES...M'SIEU! ONCE BEFORE I SAW ONE LIKE HIM...IN THE PLACE OF WHALES!



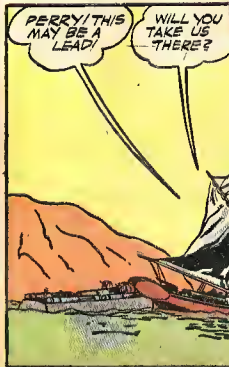
WHALES?? HERE?



... YES M'SIEU! I HAVE SEEN THEM IN THE LAGOON...



ONCE! WHILE TAKING SPONGES FROM THE SEA BOTTOM... I LOOK UP QUICKLY...AND MON DIEU! I SEE THIS GIGANTIC WHALE! MANY MANY TIMES THE SIZE OF THIS BOAT!



PERRY! THIS MAY BE A LEAD!

WILL YOU TAKE US THERE?

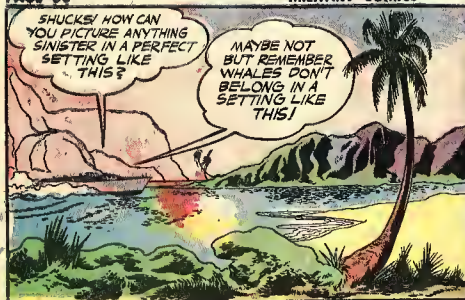
YES M'SIEU... IT IS NOT FAR!



SHORTLY AFTER...

RIGHT HERE M'SIEU!

OH BOY! WHAT A SPOT!



HITTING THE SANDY BOTTOM, PAUL LOOKS INTO A NIGHTMARE WORLD OF WEIRD CORAL FORMATIONS -- THEN WITH STARTLING CLARITY THE INCREDIBLE SIGHT BURSTS UPON HIS VISION.....

WH...?

THERE THEY ARE! THE NAZI OIL TANKS!

WOW! THREE OF 'EM! HUGE ENOUGH TO SUPPLY THE WHOLE BLASTED GERMAN NAVY!

THE SURROUNDING CORAL MAKES A PERFECT CAMOUFLAGE. NO ONE COULD FIND THESE THINGS FROM ABOVE! NOT IN A MILLION YEARS!

BOY! WHAT A DEPTH BOMB COULD DO TO THIS LAYOUT! LET'S GET BACK UP TO PERRY AND SEE ABOUT....

SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S THAT?

THE STEADY THROBBING
SWELLS INTO A SUDDEN
BURST OF SOUND AS THE
DARK SHAPE FILLS THE
CAVERNOUS BASIN----

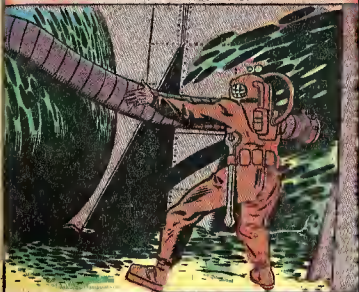
HOLY SEA
BREEZES!
A NAZI SUB!!

NO WONDER THE
NATIVES THOUGHT
THEY WERE WHALES..
GOTTA KEEP BACK
NOW... HUG THE
ROCK----

---- NO TROUBLE
FINDING THE TANKS
---- THERE NOW
SHE'S SETTLING
DOWN.... THEN
WHAT?

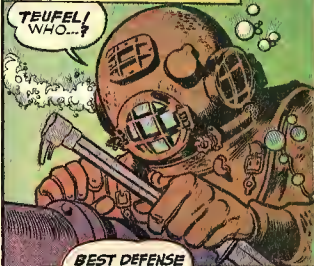
FROM THE AIR LOCK STEPS A MAN
IN DIVING EQUIPMENT----

ARMED WITH SPANNER WRENCH AND UNDERSEA TORCH THE DIVER PROCEEDS TO COMPLETE THE SUBMARINE CONNECTION....



...SUDDENLY HE LOOKS UP....

TEUFEL!
WHO...?



BEST DEFENSE
IS A GOOD
OFFENSE!



HE HAS SEEN ME!
HE'S COMING
OVER!!



WITH TORCH RAISED
MENACINGLY THE
DIVER POKES HIS
WAY ACROSS THE
CORAL....



IN THE GHASTLY HALF-LIGHT THE TWO MEN LOCK IN MORTAL COMBAT.... A HORRIBLE SLOW-MOTION DUEL TO THE DEATH, AMID THE EVER-PRESENT, EVER-HUNGRY BLUE FINS....



WHILE UP
ABOVE....

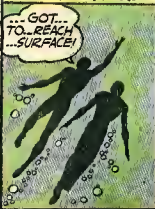
I DON'T LIKE IT,
PAUL MAY BE IN
TROUBLE DOWN
THERE, I GOT A
HUNCH TO....



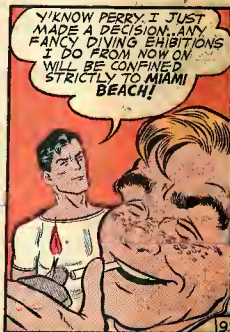
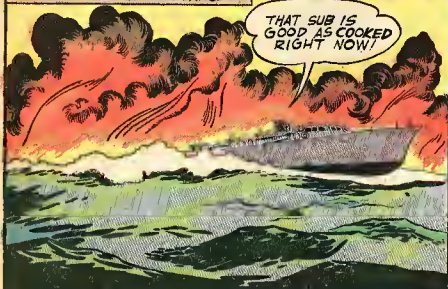
THE TERRIBLE STRUGGLE DRAWS TO ITS CLOSE.... WITH A SUDDEN RUSH, PAUL'S HELMET IS KNOCKED OFF....



LEAVING THE DOOMED NAZI, TWO FIGURES FLASH UPWARD....



NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON! WITH A BURST OF TRACER BULLETS, THE ENTIRE LAGOON IS A VERTIBLE WALL OF FLAMING OIL AND WRECKAGE....



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